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# POEM

Dedicated to The  
Blessed Memory of Her Late Gracious Majesty  
Queen MARY.

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By Mr. Stepney.

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O Nce more, my Mule,--we must an Altar raise;  
May it prove Lasting, as Maria's Praise;  
And, the Song ended, be the Swan's thy Doom,  
Rest ever silent, as Maria's Tomb.

But whence shall we begin? Or whither steere?  
Her Vertues like a perfect Round appear,  
Where Judgment lies in Admirations lost,  
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some Angel, from your own, describe her frame,  
(For sure your God-like Beings are the same:)  
All that was Charming in the fairer kind,  
With manly Sense, and Resolution joyn'd;  
A Meen compos'd of mildness, and of state,  
Not by constraint, or affectation great;  
But form'd by Nature for supreme Command;  
Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's Hand:  
Yet such her meekness, as half-vail'd the Throne,  
Least being in too great a lustre shown;

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It might debar the Subject of access,  
 And make her Mercies, and our Comforts less.  
 So Gods, of old, descending from their Sphere  
 To visit men, like mortals did appear :  
 Least their too awful presence should affright  
 Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus to the Noon of her high Glory run,  
 From her bright Orb, diffusive like the Sun,  
 She did her Healing Influence display,  
 And cherish'd all our Nether World that lay  
 Within the Circle of her radiant Day ;  
 Reliev'd not only those who Bounty sought,  
 But gave unask'd, and as She gave, forgot ;  
 Found modest Want in its obscure Retreat,  
 And courted tim'rous Virtue to be Great.  
 The Church, which *William* sav'd, was *Mary's* Care,  
 Taught by her Life, and guarded by her Prayer ;  
 What her Devotions were, you Cherubs, tell,  
 Who ever round the Seat of Mercy dwell ;  
 (For here She wou'd not have her goodness known)  
 But you beheld how she address'd the Throne,  
 And wonder'd at a Zeal so like your own.

Since she was *form'd*, and *low'd*, and *pray'd* like you,  
 She shou'd, alas ! have been *Immortal* too :

A Reign so gentle, and a Mind so strong,  
 Both made us hope we shou'd obey Her long,  
 And, with a double Reverence, have seen  
 The hoary Blessing of an Aged Queen ;  
 Who might, with *William*, jointly govern here,  
 As that bright Pair which rules the heav'nly Sphere.

Grace and mild Mercy best in Her were shown,  
 In him the rougher Virtues of the Throne ;  
 Of Justice *She* at home the *Ballance* held,  
 Abroad, Oppression by *His Sword* was quell'd ;  
 True Emblems of the *Lion*, and the *Dove* ;  
 The God of Battel, and the Queen of Love  
 Did in Their happy Nuptials well agree ;  
 Like *Mars*, He led our Armies out, and She  
 With Smiles presided o're Her Native Sea !

Such

Such too their Meetings, when our Monarch came  
 With Laurels loaden, and immortal Fame ;  
 As when the God on *Hæmus* quits his Arms,  
 Softning his Toyls in *Cytherea's* Charms :  
 With what Delight wou'd She the Victor meet ?  
 And lay the Reins of Empire at his Feet ?      \* *Lucius*  
 With the same Temper as the *Latian Hind*      *Quintus.*  
 Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd ;  
 So *Pallas* from the dusty Field withdrew  
 And when Imperial *Jove* appear'd in view,  
 Resum'd Her Female *Arts*, the Spindle & the Clew }  
 Forgot the Scepter she so well had sway'd  
 And with that Mildnes She had Rul'd, Obey'd ;  
 Pleas'd with the Change, and unconcern'd as *Jove*, }  
 When in Disguise he leaves his Pow'r above,  
 And drowns all other *Attributes* in Love — }  
 Such, mighty Sir, (if yet the sacred Ear  
 Of Majesty and Grief vouchafe to hear)  
 Was the lov'd Consort of thy Crown and Bed,  
 Our Joy while living ; our Despair, now dead.

Yet why Dispair ? Tho' one Supporter fall,  
 The stronger holds, and will sustain the Ball.  
 Of *Sybill's* Books, that Volume which remain'd,  
 Th' intrinsic value of the whole retain'd,  
 When in the fiery Car *Elijah* fled,  
 His Spirit doubled on his Partner's Head :  
 So will thy Peoples Love, now *Mary's* gone,  
 Unite both Streams and flow on Thee alone,  
 The grateful Senate with one Voice combine  
 To breath their Sorrows, and to comfort Thine,  
 By bringing to thy View how *Europe's* Fate  
 Does on Thy Councils, and Thy Courage wait :  
 But when the vastness of Thy Grief they see,  
 They own 'tis just, and melt in Tears with Thee.

Blush not, great Soul, thus to reveal Thy woe ;  
 Sighs will have vent, and Eyes too full o're-flow ;  
 Shed by degrees they pass unfelt away ;  
 But raise a storm and Deluge where they stay.

The Bravest Heroes have the softest Mind,  
 Their Natures like the Gods, to Love inclin'd,

*Homer,*

Homer, who Humane Passions nicely knew,  
When his Illustrious Grecian Chief he drew,  
Left likewise in his Soul one mortal part,  
Whence Love and Anguish too might reach his heart;  
For a lost Mistress, in Despair he late,  
And see declining Troy still struggle with her Fate:  
But when he found his dear *Patroclos* dead,  
Like a rous'd Lion, from his Tent he fled,  
Whole Hecatombs of trembling *Trojans* flew,  
And mangled *Hector* at his Chariot drew.

Still greater is thy loss--- Be such thy rage,  
That naught but conquer'd *Gallia* may allwage.

She, who below, preserv'd Thee with her Prayer,  
Above, will prove thy Guardian Angel there;  
And hov'ring round Thee with her heav'nly shield,  
Unseen, protect Thee in the dusky Field.  
Glut then Thy Vengeance on Thy destin'd Foe,  
And while above She Triumphs, Fight below.

'Tis done — Our Monarch to the Camp returns,  
The Gallic Armies lay their Arms, <sup>in the</sup> My Burns,  
And Earth and Seas all blow to his Command, <sup>810</sup>  
And Europe owns her Peace from his victorious hand

## FINIS.

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